

The Bloomfield Citizen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1887.

Railway Depots.

Plans for a new depot upon the N. Y. & Greenwood Lake Railway have been proposed by the officers of that road. It is to be placed at the corner of Belleville avenue and Oak street. It is understood, however, that time will be given for consultation of property owners who desire any other location. Such a stopping place would be so central as to preclude the possibility of securing depots at other points where they are much needed. If residents east of the canal do not bestir themselves, the opportunity to secure a station upon Walnut street will have passed.

There ought to be at least two depots for the village upon this road. The D. L. & W. R. R. has three, one each at Watsessing, Bloomfield Centre and Glen Ridge. The extension of Beach street over the canal would make Walnut street quite central, while another at Chestnut Hill would be a great accommodation to the upper end of the township. This matter demands urgency. Talking will no longer answer. The Company have selected their ground for one central stopping-place. When once the buildings are erected it will be too late to talk of change.

A small amount of money given now will accomplish more than large sums by-and-by. Railway officials have been seen and are in a conciliatory mood. Moreover some of the parties interested are ready to offer substantial help. It will be a great pity if no action is taken now, but such will be the result unless the substantial advantages of having two stations are quickly seen.

Sidewalks.

Applications for sidewalks are already pouring in upon the township committee. The amount appropriated this year is larger than ever before. It will no doubt all be used. The contract price last year was fifty-nine cents per linear foot. Of this one-half was paid by the township, the other by the property-owners and securing to them a substantial walk at a very low price.

While most of the money heretofore expended has added to the comfort of the growing neighborhoods, the amounts used upon the main thoroughfares have been small.

Many portions of Bloomfield Avenue and Broad Street are sadly in need of attention. The removal of old board walks has left the ground in worse condition than before. Public spirit and a decent regard for the welfare of one's neighbors demand that these places should be substantially paved.

Especially upon Broad Street, where large improvements have been made at public expense, the small outlays for stone walks should be cheerfully incurred. A number of houses are likely to be built the coming year or near the main thoroughfare. It is desirable that proper encouragement should be given to those who make the outlay by the public spirit of their neighbors.

It is an old story; yet one that cannot be too often retold; a town without good roads and sidewalks is still in the slough of despondency. Good sidewalks especially work a spirit of enterprise.

Our esteemed fellow townsmen, Horace Dodd, gracefully retired from the postmastership of Bloomfield on Thursday last. This may not be "news" to most of our readers, but all the same, it is an event in the history of Bloomfield that demands more than a mere local mention. We bow as submissively as any good CITIZENS can to the mandate of Democratic Civil Service, but will say that the political guillotine has done work of which even few Democrats in this vicinity are disposed to boast.

For a quarter of a century Mr. Dodd had held this office, to the eminent satisfaction of the public. It seems to THE CITIZEN not only due in justice to our ex-P. M. that he be publicly thanked, but also that our obligations, as a people, should take other and handsomer shape than a mere acknowledgment in words, which we know are always cheap. A man who has devoted the best years of his life to a trust of this kind, and performed it so well, ought to be more substantially thanked.

A new tall board fence and gate improve the Newark Ice Company's yard on Bloomfield Avenue. It is earnestly hoped, by the inhabitants of the neighborhood, and by THE CITIZEN, that this high-towering structure may be left in its primitive grandeur, and not disfigured by bragadocious paintings of railroads, ready-relief, and other specimens of modern art.

There is nothing that tends to obliterate the beautiful cosiness of a country town so much as the fancy-farcical advertising nuisance now in vogue. Let us have no more of it!

Another new book of our townsmen Dr. Seibert, has appeared in the book market. This new work is entitled "Michael and Jonathan." It depicts Anglo American and German characteristics, and puts in a good word for mutual understanding, with a view to harmonious amalgamation of the two forces into one great nation.

Orange's Masonic Building.

This new and handsome Masonic building on Main street is rapidly approaching completion and the date of its dedication has been fixed for June 24, the day on which its corner-stone was laid last year. Scaffolding now form a network from its roof to the sidewalk, but these will soon be removed and it will stand out in all its beauty exposed to view. Work on the building has now been in progress nearly a year, and the Masons of Orange are rejoiced that its completion is fast approaching.

The new building is three stories high, with 70 feet front and 90 feet depth. The front is of three styles of architecture. Over the first story the plain lines of the Doric style are to be seen, over the second story stands out in all its antique beauty the Ionic style, while over the third story, along the roof of the pretty tower on the left, the fancy lines of the Corinthian style appear. The third story will be divided with a mezzanine story, which will be finished off in a beautiful manner. The combination of the three different styles will make the front elevation of building novel and characteristic in its outline. The tower at the westerly end is finished off in an attractive manner.

On the first floor of the building will be three large stores, and the second floor will be divided into seven offices, with a suit of rooms for the janitor. On the third floor will be two large rooms, each 30x50 feet, with reception and ante rooms and a banquet hall 16x50 feet. The front of the building is built of Philadelphia brick and Perth Amboy terra cotta. The interior of the structure will be heated entirely by steam.

East Orange.

The special committee appointed to define the duties and fix salaries of township officers made a report on Tuesday, and in several instances recommended increase of salaries. This aroused a lively opposition on the part of some of the members. An increase of \$200 was voted to the Township Clerk without any opposition, making his salary \$750; but when the Assessor's salary was increased from \$900 to \$1,100 Mr. Wilson opened a long discussion with the remark that he thought that official was well paid now in comparison with the salaries paid other officials. The increase was granted. The other recommendations were adopted without opposition as follows: Township Counsel, \$500; Township Physician, \$150; Auditor, \$125; an increase of \$50; Overseer of the Poor, \$300; Overseer of Roads, \$250; Police Justice, \$250; Janitor, \$120; Driver of Hook and Ladder Truck, \$50 per month. Pay was attached to three new officers as follows: Chief Engineer, \$150, and Assistant \$50 per year; Truck Tillemann, \$15 per month.

Newark.

Miss May Howell died on Wednesday morning from the effects of a fall on Monday evening, February 21st. She was attending the cotillion at the hall No. 721 Broad street, and while dancing, in an effort to avoid a collision, slipped and fell on the floor, striking the back of her neck on a seat and injuring her spine. She was not thought at the time to be seriously hurt, and continued to take part in the features of the evening. A few days afterwards, however, symptoms of paralysis were developed, and in a brief time she became helpless, her entire body being affected below the neck. Since that time her condition has varied, with occasional indications of improvement, but on Sunday she became much worse. Miss Howell was the youngest daughter of the late Theodore P. Howell, and was a woman of rare personal attractions and accomplishments. Her untimely death casts a gloom over a large circle of friends. It is a noticeable fact that her death occurred on the twenty-second anniversary of her birth-day.

Mr. Frank G. Isley, the well-known music teacher, died Wednesday, after several months illness. Mr. Isley was a son of the late Francis L. Isley, for many years the leader of the First Presbyterian Church choir. He was widely known to a large circle in this vicinity and New York, who will sincerely regret his death. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

LUNDHORST'S PERFUME.

LUNDHORST'S MARCIAL SISI ROSE.

LUNDHORST'S PERFUME ALPINE VIOLET.

LUNDHORST'S PARISIAN VIOLET.

The Arab Mare.

She was the most beautiful mare I have ever seen, of pure Nadj blood, gray, with flea bitten spots, eyes too large for her head, nostril thin and expanded, the throat of a game cock, the hair of her mane and tail so fine and soft that the most beautiful person might have been proud of such a texture.

Her hair skin so thin and soft that the thorn bushes through which I rode her used to tear it; and after many of my runs through the jungle I have had her bleeding from the thorns, looking as if she had been practised upon with a light sabre.

She was what you would consider in England a pony, 14 hands 1 1/2 inches high; but she was broad almost as a dray horse, and her tail was set up so straight that all the drivers above her took care not to stop when walking between it and the ground. Her feet were black and hard, and the tendons below her hocks and knees were like harp strings.

Add to this that her head was so lead that you might have boiled it without obtaining any flesh from it, and you have a picture of what this desert leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

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No one panacea of any reformer fits

the case or can alter existing conditions.

Only what man's own soul sees as good

and wills to possess is of faintest value to him.

Such an attempt to force a man to help

all the world sees its power and use as

is willing to sacrifice where sacrifice is

necessary; to work and to wait in pa-

tience. Such power is born in the in-

dustrial school in its largest sense; the

school that trains heart and mind as well as eye

and hand, and makes the child ready for

the best work its measure of power can

know.—Maj. Shakespeare.

Power of the Industrial School.

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John Rassbach & Son.

FLORISTS and NURSERYMEN

COR. MIDLAND & MAULS AVES.,

BLOOMFIELD.

Vicksburg in 1887.

After a visit to the Cyclorama of the Land and Naval Battles of Vicksburg, on exhibition, 55th Street and Seventh Ave. N. Y.

One step from the busy street, and there, With the summer hills around, In the heart of a summer day it lies.

A battle without a sound.

Whatever of battle the eyes may see—

The sweep of men to death.

The dash of horse, the rush of gun,

The musket's fiery breath;

The massing clouds of the cannon smoke,

The horror of bursting shell,

The wreath of wheel and caisson,

The surgeon's mimic hell;

The uprooted arms and the ashen cheek,

The drop of the shattered limb,

The meay by the blood-pools in the grass,

The bodies stiff and grim.

You see it all; you hear no sound!

You listen for roar and boom,

For the crack and the ring of the bullet's thud!—

T is the stillness of the tomb!

No noise, no chattering, no clatter to hoot,

No bugle-call or cry;

No fierce hurrah along that line,

Where the columns press to die.

Those sulken prisoners give no oath—

That face in the grass no groan;

Its "good-bye" reaches a thousand miles,

And "you" never a tone.

Ab! if we could" add sound to sight,

And then could paint the strain

And the splendor in the soldier's heart,

Bursting death's hurricane;

And the flashing signals of his thought!

To homes that signal back,

And the woman's face, and the climbing child,

That lie in the bullet's crack:

And the breathless pause, each pulse-beat hushed

Of watching continent,

And the sense of a nation's fate at stake

In the awful tournament!

If this we could rim in those summer hills,

And add to all eyes see;

In the cloister quaint by the city street,

Then "Vicksburg" would be!

Yet hark! The very soundlessness

Is the song of war's release.

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